

Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

For President,
WILLIAM MCKINLEY,
Of Ohio.For Vice President,
GARRET A. HOBART,
Of New Jersey.

For Presidential Electors,

J. R. HAMILTON,
THOMAS E. THOMPSON, At Large
GREEN KEITH, R. H. TRACY
First Dist. CHARLES F. SCOTT
Second Dist. C. M. BENEFIELD
Third Dist. D. W. FINNEY
Fourth Dist. F. E. FLETCHER
Fifth Dist. F. E. BURKE
Sixth Dist. R. P. MULLOUGH
Seventh Dist. CHESTER L. LONG

For Congress, Seventh Dist. H. L. GORDON

For State Senator, 25th Dist. J. C. POLLOCK

For Judge Court of Appeals, J. C. POLLOCK

Republican State Ticket

For Chief Justice, T. F. CARVER
For Governor, H. E. RICHTER
For Lieutenant Governor, H. E. RICHTER
For Secretary of State, W. C. EDWARDS
For Treasurer, O. L. ATHERTON
For Auditor, G. E. COLE
For Attorney General, E. R. DAWES
For Sup. Public Instruction, E. STANLEY
For Congressman-at-large, R. W. BLUE

Republican County Ticket
For County Attorney, JOHN DAVIS
For Probate Court, J. M. BRIDGMAN
For Clerk of Dist. Court, J. M. BRIDGMAN
For County Sup't, C. J. MACKAY
For Representative 8th Dist., C. J. MACKAY
For Representative 9th Dist., O. G. EDWARDS
For Representative 10th Dist., R. F. McLEAN
For Commissioner First Dist., G. M. GRIMES

HOW ABOUT KANSAS.

Unquestionably the political feeling in Kansas has been more intense than at any time in the history of the state. But the feeling has been neither partisan or personal. In all the unending discussion, going on among the people, men have been least of all, and the names of nominees are seldom mentioned. Policies, measures and issues absorb the mind of the campaigner.

The hard pressure of unusual conditions are not only universally apprehended but individually felt. That such pressure has come about under a Democratic administration of tariff reform, one denies. Is the policy of Grover Cleveland responsible for all the inequalities, for all the depression of prices and the general stagnation which now so afflict the country and all its interests and industries; and would that policy be materially changed, except as to a new venture on currency. In the event of Democracy winning again with a new, inexperienced and untired man, in the person of Mr. Bryan, at its head; or, in the election of McKinley would there be a return of the former prosperous times under Republican rule, constitute, in brief, the problems which to such an unusual degree command the attention of the people.

These propositions once settled, as settled they will be, by every man, as a rule, for himself, the question of the nominees on the state, congressional and county tickets will be taken up. That these questions have commenced to be rapidly disposed of, in an individual way, is made every day more evident. Where a month ago there was individual uncertainty and doubtful expressions, there are now to be heard confident assertions. That another four years of the Democratic party, under free silver or under whatever other pretense, means another four years like the past four, is a conclusion of not only logic but of experience. The next three or five weeks will, therefore, witness a marked if not wonderful rushing into line and of uplifting of banners. It is then that the Republican nominees will be found to be all right. There is no possible comparison between the Republican nominees for state offices and those put up by the Populists, for it will not be forgotten that the Democratic party of Kansas made no nominations of either state or congressional tickets. There is no comparison between Morrill and Leedy, to start with. As unfortunate and revolutionary as the Leewelling administration was, one under such a man as Leedy could only prove disastrous for the state and disastrous to its credit and material interests. Kansas has suffered much from her Jerry Simpson, Teffer and Leewelling experiences and her people do not propose to undergo another such sweat. Every Republican not only dreads a repetition of such experience, but a large element of the Democratic party are as utterly opposed to taking such chances again as the most ultra Republican. So Morrill's majority, and that of the Republican state ticket, is going to prove a great surprise to many in the few disunited counties. In fact the only disaffection to be heard of now and for the present month is in two or three of the larger towns of the state. Every meeting in the country, every club organization in at least 80 out of the 100 counties in Kansas are more than encouraging. The Republican state and congressional tickets are going to get thousands of votes which were not counted upon a few weeks ago, as is conclusively shown by the polls being made in a number of the more populous counties in the east half of the state. In the west half there seems to be little or no disaffection except in localities over the silver question, which will not touch the state ticket if indeed it touches anything else.

Kansas is going to be in line with the McKinley administration, and the Kansas county which is not in line with the Republican state administration will simply be unfortunate.

Wichita is having some luck lately. Rev. Don Colt, who stirred up so much trouble over the liquor traffic, has been transferred to Albany City, Pa., a section of the country, by the way, where nearly everybody drinks beer, and where a greater measure, per capita, of malt liquors, principally beer and ale, of any city in the United States, Milwaukee not excepted; but it is safe to say that Mr. Colt is not anxious to acquire any additional reputation as a political preacher.

POLITICS IN GREER COUNTY.

Quartz, Greer Co., O. T., Sept. 11.

Very unusual in the beginning the canvass of Delegate Flynn for a reelection in Greer county, is almost certain to have a very unusual ending. In fine Flynn is assured of a majority in this county next November. While his friends have believed and asserted that Greer county owed its support to Flynn, it was beyond all anticipation and license to expect a victory for him here. Yet the political authorities here differ only on the degree of his triumph. The Populist leaders are giving him the concession of 400 votes, a gain of 400, as a Republican has never appeared on a Republican ticket in Greer county before. The Populist leaders do not have the corroboration of all their followers in this, as many say he will carry the county. A greater part of the leading Democrats say he will carry the county by two hundred. Two weeks ago any claim of over one hundred votes for Flynn would have been considered preposterous by the people in the county, and even by his friends in Oklahoma. Greer county will this year cast about 1,200 votes. This was the vote two years ago, divided about equally between the Populists and Democrats, the Republicans not appearing. The conjecture in this county is that there are about 100 Republicans, who would vote a Republican ticket were one ever put in the field. This year the Populists and Democrats place tickets in the field, the Republicans staying out of the fight so far as a regular ticket is concerned. There is an intense political rivalry between the Democrats and the Populists, the issues of the campaign being based on the national principles of the two parties.

Delegate Flynn has made five speeches in the county. It has been only a little over six months ago that Greer county was taken from Texas, by the United States supreme court, and added by congress to Oklahoma. Settled entirely by the people of the south, from Texas, Mississippi, Louisiana, Georgia and Alabama, the people brought with them the political inclinations of their section. Hundreds of them, and I had oral evidence of this, had never before this week, ever heard a Republican speech. What was more, they had no inclination to listen to a Republican. They were wedded to the southern politics and customs. For a long period they had but one party—the Democratic party. Six years ago the Populist party, then the Farmer's Alliance, broke away from the Democratic mass, and as in Texas, so in Greer county, then part of Texas, a similar division took place. The Populist party of the south is akin to the Populist party of the north only in that part of its nature which is a protest. Knowing only at a distance the Republican party and having for an immediate antagonist, the Democrats, the latter became their one party to attack. In the contest, which in every section receives its impetus from a rivalry for local offices, the Republican party was entirely overlooked by these well-mannered, well-educated and good-intentioned people of Greer county. Their idea of an aggressive Republican was an abhorrent nightmare of a frothing northerner seeking to rub salt into the wounds of defeat, not a petitioner for votes but an isolated denunciator of his neighbor's history.

When Greer county was added to Oklahoma it increased, according to everybody's opinion, largely the Democratic and Populist vote of the territory of Oklahoma, and gave nothing to the Republicans. With fusion between the Democrats and Populists, which was recently consummated at El Reno, it added, apparently, the entire county vote against Flynn, the Republican candidate for congress.

Last Sunday evening the Republican candidate entered this county. The postmasters in the towns had been sent posters advertising meetings at different places. This was the only advance agent of the Republican candidate. When Mr. Flynn entered the county he did not know a single man in the county, the name of a single man in the county, and he had never seen either the county, its towns or its citizens. His managers had selected a town for his inaugural speech from the map. When the candidate reached this point, he found, not a town, but an isolated school house. The people of the vicinity, however, turned out. There was not a Republican in the audience, and no one volunteered to introduce the speaker. He made a speech of two hours length. During it there was not the movement of a muscle from the critical hearers. But when the address was ended, the audience, almost to a man, congratulated the speaker and pledged him their support. In the next town, the county-seat, a place of some size, a Democrat was induced, merely for the maintenance of formality, to preside. Again the audience sat quietly through the address. But after the speech, men rushed up to him and pledged him their support. They followed him to his hotel and asked him hundreds of questions, many pledging their support when questions were satisfactorily answered. In the third city, Altus, a large crowd greeted him, many in the audience, made up almost wholly of Democrats and Populists, driving miles to see and hear him. Here the enthusiasm and open pledge of support increased. The fourth place, Narvajo, located in a strong Populist district, gave the candidate a rousing reception. The county was thoroughly aroused now by the candidate. He was besieged with requests to speak at other places. One of these he accepted, driving sixteen miles at nightfall to Yellville, a school house. The request for this meeting was made by a Populist. Populists mounted their horses and rode hard all day, advertising the meeting the same night. At night the attendance was principally Populist. The candidate in order to reach this meeting rode in company with a Democrat through a heavy rain. To keep the road he walked in front

the team, feeling in the dark for wire fences and to keep the road. Around the school house the people who had come to the meeting were camped in the rain, in their wagons. Before the candidate began, he asked if there were any Republicans in the audience. He received no response. After the meeting the men in the audience repeated the open pledges which were witnessed at the four other speeches. Many of the voters remained in camp the rest of the night and drove home the next day.

In all Delegate Flynn made five speeches in Greer county. The scenes which followed each were all unusual. The habit of exaggeration in newspaper campaigns stores up incredulity and discredit for every unusual report like this. In this case I can only ask for belief and let it go at that. I heard Democrats and Populists announce openly in public places their intention of voting for Flynn. Reports of such political declarations are common, but the proof is usually meagre.

It is difficult to divine just how Mr. Flynn aroused such enthusiasm in a strange county. No one cause may not be assigned, every individual giving a somewhat different reason for his change. The underlying cause, however, is the desire of Greer county as to the condition of its land-holdings. As soon as the county was transferred from the state to the territory the people secured the services of a Judge Brown, a Texas Democrat, of much popularity in Greer county, to go to Washington in their behalf and for their relief. In Washington he met the delegate to congress from Oklahoma, who rendered him every possible aid. When Flynn reached Greer county he found awaiting him a letter from Judge Brown, recommending him to his new constituency in high terms.

This, however did not bring him the crowds which were in every instance, too large for the public buildings. They must have come from another motive. As nearly as may be determined this motive was the anxious desire to hear of the exact status of their lands. It may be that any speaker from Washington, no matter of what political faith, would have secured big audiences. But few speakers, having them before him and being of opposing political tenets, could have won them as Flynn has done. It is not known just what kind of oratory the Greer county people have been treated to in the past. It was probably a fine article of southern eloquence, rich in metaphor and flower and figure, exalting their honor and bewailing their wrongs in vengeful tones. However this is only conjecture. But at all events, the speeches of Flynn before them were entirely novel and in construction and subject matter strange, as every hearer was held with interest to the last word.

Flynn addressed the voters in a plain, clear manner. He gave them a simple short history of the government control and distribution of land from the beginning of the nation. He narrated from the records the course of the original homestead law, which was vetoed by President Buchanan with the consent of the Democrats and the Republicans in favor of the farmer; and that, "the offer of free farms would probably have a powerful effect in encouraging emigration, from states like Illinois, Tennessee and Kentucky, to the west of the Mississippi, and could not fail to reduce the price of property within these limits. An individual," Buchanan continued, "in states thus situated would not pay its fair value for land, when, by crossing the lands and obtaining a farm almost without money and without price."

Mr. Flynn explained with continual reference to and display of the record, the government's present policy in public and Indian lands. He displayed and elucidated the present national Republican platform which declares specifically for the free home bill which has already passed the house and is now pending in the senate. To people who had always lived under the land laws of Texas, which differ entirely from those of the United States, this recital of the land history of the latter was of the most intense interest. The hundreds of questions put to the speaker after his address which were answered fairly and practically, while often promising less than the interpreter hoped for, revealed to the people of Greer county that their present representative in congress was master on the question of land. Here, then, is probably the underlying motive which turned the people of Greer county. It was one of self-interest—a determination for the support of the candidate who had proved himself so adept in the paramount question among them—the question of land. The people of Greer county have become acquainted with the interior department; they have been told the minute points in the method of territorial legislation in the national capital; the introduction of bills; their reference to committees; their further reference to the department; the favorable or unfavorable departmental report; the return of the bill from the committee with its recommendation for or against; its existence on the calendar and the final struggle to secure its passage through one branch of congress; its like course in the senate; its amendments and the inviolable, unchangeable, invulnerable conference report; and finally its journey to the White House, where the president again refers it to a department before the bill's fate is known.

The people of Greer county had probably never listened before to such a careful explanation of an issue so near and dear to them—an issue touching their homes. No matter what cause is assigned, it will not be gainsaid that Flynn has stirred up Greer county politically as it was never stirred before. He went into the county without a known friend; he came out with hundreds.

At his first meeting, no one could be secured to make a formal introduction; on his way out of the county he was showered with invitations to make more speeches and remain and visit. Farmers came to their gates and stopped him as he passed along and congratulated him.

It was upon the whole an unusual canvass. It sounds unusual at a day when the party to which Mr. Flynn belongs is the central target of the Populists, north and south and the Democrats gold and the Democrats silver. Here he came among his enemies and the enemies of his party and made them friends.

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE FARMERS.

Hon. Eugene Ware was making a speech over at Mapleton the other day. He said he had got along in the history of things up to about the year 1834 when a fellow jumped up in the middle of the audience with: "But what about the farmer?" Gene replied that he would come to him directly, and then forged ahead up to 1861, when up popped his interlocutor again with, "But what about the farmer?" Counseling patience he had after about three-quarters of an hour reached "the crime of '73," when again came the thundering interruption: "But what about the farmer?" and with that the cause of all the commotion slapped his hat on his head and majestically strode out of the door.

"What about the farmer" was answered most directly and comprehensively by Mr. McKinley the other day. The Democratic party is what's the matter with the farmer. Taking the form of wool alone Mr. McKinley said: In 1892 we had 47,273,553 sheep in the United States, valued at \$125,000,000. In 1895 we had 38,208,000, valued at \$65,000,000 and the total import of woolen goods in 1892 (under the Republican protection tariff law) was a little over \$37,000,000 and in 1895 the Wilson tariff law these imports amounted to more than \$60,000,000. "This industry employed besides those who owned the flocks, it is estimated, at least a half million laborers, representing with those who are dependent upon them, nearly 2,500,000 people. There were 700,000 farms averaging 100 acres each, devoted to this industry and the mountainous regions and the vast plains of the great west, which are not adapted to other kinds of farming, have been utilized in this great industry and made valuable."

KANSAS DEMOCRACY.

The Democrats of Kansas, as a party, in convention assembled, got down into the dirt and licked the feet of the Pops, and now they must lift their coat-tails and submit to being kicked. The Democrats of Kansas asked nothing and got nothing save the privilege of naming an electoral ticket for Bryan and Sewall, the very thing the Pops would have done if left to themselves, they knowing that Watson had no show for being vice president. In the absence of some individual understandings or secret personal deals the Democrats did not get a thing, not even a state officer or congressman. Now the single-gallop element of the Pop party are resolved on throwing Sewall overboard and putting a Watson electoral ticket in the field by petition. This will leave the Democratic party just nowhere, with only one of two things left to do, to join the Pops outright or reconvene their convention and nominate a straight Democratic ticket. And the time left in which to do this is short.

A YOUNG MAN'S MODEL.

Anent the proposed return of Mr. Gladstone to public life, the question arises how old must a man be to drop the harness and retire to private life? Gladstone is 87 years old. Sixty years of his life have been spent in public service. Not only has he performed the routine of official duties during all this time, but he has been a leader—even a pioneer in many reforms which have gone into the history of the English government. Such service always entails great responsibility. It is not only the labor in blinding out the way for legislation which must come through the evolutions of government, but it is the anxiety and the mental resources of a public servant. The life of Gladstone has been one continuous effort, and, barring temporary setbacks, a continuous march toward the goal of his great ambition. Today he is pre-eminently the ranking statesman of old England. Whether in retirement or immersed in the active duties of the forum he represents at once the authority and the influence which any of his peers might covet.

But it was not his great mental resources we intended to treat, but rather the physical vigor necessary to his great work. There was nothing extraordinary in his physical make-up. In fact his early public services were impeded somewhat by ill health, so much so that extra precaution was necessary to preserve his bodily vigor. Adopting a regime of diet and observing resolutely all the conditions which might build up and sustain him through physical labor and breathing pure air he soon developed the tissue and there necessary for the perpetual strain upon his mental capacity. No late hours or midnight feasts; no lying in bed till the best part of the day was spent over clouded his mind or debilitated his body. The splendid mechanism of his body was the motive force for mental work. He recognized it as the machine which must wear out or rust out, and he kept it in constant daily repair.

There is a lesson here for all young men. Neither prevailing customs, nor the demands of society have any just claims upon the vital energy of a human being. There are possibilities in every life, incalculable and almost without limit. Possibilities of mind and reaches of soul which no man can estimate even for himself. It is as much a part of the Creative design that every man should live up to his

highest opportunities as that he should simply vegetate and feed and clothe his body. It is the divinity in our nature that prompts us to great achievements, but no one reaches the climax unencumbered with a sour stomach or a frail physique.

FORT SCOTT'S WHISKY FIGHT.

Apocryphal of the unsatisfactory results of attempts of the church to run party politics, is the Fort Scott affair. A few weeks since the Eagle received a short special from that city announcing that S. J. Stewart, an official member of the Methodist church, had been asked, by resolution of its membership, to resign his position as chairman of the board of police commissioners, or otherwise to enforce the law more effectively. Mr. Stewart at first demurred, explaining to his church that he was conscientiously pursuing the course which he deemed the wisest and best. But he finally succumbed and sent his resignation to Governor Morrill. The governor finding that Stewart was one of the best and purest men of the city, a solid business man whose private life was above reproach, refused to accept his resignation. Now comes the news that S. J. Stewart has withdrawn from the church. The question is, is Mr. Stewart any less the good Christian and citizen, any the less the good temperance man, and who is the guinea in the fight. Has the church or the cause of temperance anything to crow over? Would not it have been better if all the Fort Scott board had been members of the church and temperance men; better for Christianity and better for temperance, even though the law was enforced no better than Mr. Stewart has enforced it, which was just as strictly as it was practical.

GROWING BETTER EVERY DAY.

Major McKinley is adding to his fame as an orator every day. The little speeches he is making from his front porch to the visiting delegations are models of their kind. Before the campaign began many people supposed that McKinley was only a master of the tariff problem. They conceded his ability in the discussion of questions of revenue and finance. They did not know the versatility of his mind. They did not know the breadth and quality of his learning. They did not know that he was an orator whose lips have been touched with the live coal of eloquence, and they have naturally been surprised by his speeches.

Major McKinley is placed in a trying position. Day after day he is visited by all sorts of delegations representing all kinds of interests. The whole range of human experience and human interest is suggested by these visitors. And yet he has a fitting word to say to them all. Of the many addresses he has made not one has been a subject for proper criticism, and not once has the speaker lowered his dignity or said anything that could injure his standing as a candidate. On the contrary, he has strengthened himself by these speeches. He has advanced the cause for which he stands. He has grown in the confidence and affection of the people. He has revealed oratorical gifts unknown before.

TOO MANY BOOKS.

Anthony Hope's new volume, "The Heart of Princess Ostra," will appear in a few weeks. It is reported to consist of a series of short stories; the scenes are laid in Stralsund, familiar to the readers of "The Prisoner of Zenda."

George DuMaurier, of "Trilby" fame, has written a new novel, "The Martian," which is to begin in the October Harper's. It will be profusely illustrated. The author describes the heroes the simplest, the most affectionate and the most good natured of men, the very soul of honor, and the most fascinating companion that ever lived. Fortunately, however, he has a quick temper to redeem him.

Rudyard Kipling's new volume of ballads, "The Seven Seas," to be published in October, will contain some new ballads as well as many which have appeared in periodicals since the publication of his last book of verse.

"The Murder of Delicia" is the title of a new novel by Maria Corelli. Julian Hawthorne's latest production is a novel entitled "Love is a Spirit"—a novel which has received severe criticism by some, and has been dismissed with indifference by others. It is essentially an imaginative work with just the thread of a plot to hold it together, and as a novel pure and simple, read wholly for entertainment will doubtless win favor from few.

And so a score or more might be enumerated. Why will silly mortals strive to the painful pinnacles of championship? Or why, once having reached them, not have the magnanimity and circumspection to retire to private life immediately?

Witness Thomas Hardy, who in "Far from the Madding Crowd" gave us an able and interesting book, if not a great one, and since consents to put his name to such a book as "Hearts Inauguration," dragging his weary length through Harper's.

Low Wallace, who in "The Prince of India" falls sadly below his own standard as established in "Ben Hur." And now DuMaurier is to spring a new book upon us. After distinguishing himself with "Trilby" he is not content to retire to private life, but must try his hand again with another publication which he hopes will gain an ephemeral popularity. After a year of "Trilby" fads and fancies, "Trilby" clubs, "Trilby" sermons, "Trilby" tableaux, "Trilby" dramatized, burlesqued, caricatured, we are prone to think with "Trilby" herself that she has posed altogether too long.

It is very doubtful that Anthony Hope's new novel will achieve for him the success of "The Prisoner of Zenda," while Maria Corelli's "Murder of Delicia" does not begin to compare with her "Romance of Two Worlds." It is authoritatively stated that there were 5,400 books published last year, and a more puzzling question than that

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Get Ready.

Tomorrow is the day when we sell 200 Scotch Dan-dee Rugs at half what they are worth. We want to bring you in the Carpet department. We want to keep you coming to the store. \$1.38 buys one of those beautiful rugs tomorrow. They are the popular size, 27x60 inches. Notice the beautiful oriental colorings; they are displayed in the north window.

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Have you been to the Fancy Goods counter lately? and the Trimming counter? Have you seen the new Neck Dressing, the Fancy Collars and the Boas, and the exclusive Novelties that can only be found at this progressive store?

If for any reason you don't feel friendly towards the store, come in and we will adjust matters in a moment. You can hardly afford to pass this establishment.

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We Also Sell Men's Furnishings.

We Do Not Sell Men's Cheap Furnishings.
We Do Sell Men's Furnishings Cheap.

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Sell Good

Queensware

As Cheap as I am

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J. E. Caldwell,

Next Door to Eagle Office.

ever recurring one concerning the whereabouts of all the pins ever manufactured in this? What becomes of all these books? Are they ever read? How many of these 5,400 authors achieve fame? Which is the more successful book, "The Physiology and Psychology of the Heart and Brain," which will never be found outside the library of the learned physician, or "The Secrets of a Midnight Hour," read in a half-darkened room by some willful son or daughter?

Because there seems little of altruism in this epoch marked by the reign of the demagogue, the tyro and the graphomaniac, who, actuated by no loftier motive than the pay there is in it, produce with machine-like regularity and rapidity a hysterical literature; because this seems a mad world we argue that it is always to be so? Does it require too great a degree of clairvoyance for us to perceive a happy time coming out of the not too distant future when literature's ebb shall have been succeeded by its flood-tide? A time when we shall be able to—

"Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

OUR PAYMENTS ABROAD.

There are current some wild estimates of the amount of our net payments abroad, which the New York Journal of Commerce has been at the pains to bring to a test. The Journal finds that in the year 1894 the items of our yearly payments to foreigners were these:

Interest paid on our foreign-held securities	\$25,000,000
Credits on European banks, issued to travelers	6,000,000
Freight charges on imports per foreign vessels	24,000,000
Freight of outward passenger per foreign steamships	1,500,000
Underpayment of imports, estimated	5,000,000
Total	\$51,500,000

There is also a counter flow of money to this side under three heads: Money brought by immigrants, \$14,000,000; Outlay of foreign vessels in American ports, \$4,000,000; Earnings of American vessels at foreign ports, \$1,000,000.

Total \$19,000,000
Deducting these thirty-odd millions coming to our shores from the one hundred and seventy-five millions going out, we have a net sum of 145 millions which we pay yearly abroad. This is the average sum which is to be set against our excess of exports over imports of merchandise, coin and bullion. In recent years our securities have been largely returned to us, but we still sell to the foreigner. Of the \$407,000,000 new securities issued in 1895, over \$120,000,000, the Journal shows, were placed abroad.

Attorneys.....

The Eagle Pocket Docket

is the most complete thing ever printed. 100 pages bound in flexible calf. They have stood the test for 5 years. We have testimonials from some of the leading lawyers of the United States as to their completeness.

Price, \$1.00.

A couple of small boys encountering that crowd occupying the sidewalk daily in front of the Eagle office, one asked the other what all the talk meant. The other fellow, who seemed to be a newsboy, replied: "You see the Republicans have got all the money and they want the Democrats to pay up, but the Democrats haven't got any money to pay up with, and anyhow they don't want to pay."

Though Bryan is a preacher it must be admitted that he has twice as many votes as McKinley—vice president.

For the Eagle.

A CUBELA GAL MACHINER.
"A cubela gal machiner" a beautiful expression of modernism in the English language, literally translated, "Pulse of my brain."

Columbia, to the state
Our daily life is
Beneath man, this will condone
The crime of '73
When England's free-trade chain was thrown

Around my limbs once free,
And then went left to sign and mean
A cubela gal machiner.
For thirty years my course has been
Still upward to God's skies,
And to oppress and humiliate men
There were a few
Still Democracy's foul breath
Brought down even then
And brought on them worse words than death
A cubela gal machiner

Columbia, do not despair
There's a path for every soul;
McKinley's true and honest soul,
Will break the shining chain
That imprisoned my young life
From the land and sea
And give to thee property
A cubela gal machiner

From every land beneath the sun
Fairest way to thee most true,
As lonely on the faded dawn,
Upon some Irish lake,
But when these echoes thou didst greet
With "cubela"
Thou didst feel broken at thy feet,
A cubela gal machiner.
And with true sunlight's heart
Let's work with voice and pen,
Until each demagogue depart
From this, our common stage,
And then the torch of liberty
Ignited first by thee
Will show its light through thee bright
A cubela gal machiner.
—J. E. CALDWELL